The Prologue.

MOst sacred Maiesty, whose great deserts,
Thy subiect *England*, nay, the world admires:
Which heauen grant still increase; O may your praise
Multiplying with your houres, your fame still raise!
Embrace your counsell: Loue, with faith them guide,
That both as one bench, by the others side,
So may your life passe on, and runne so euen
That your firme zeale plant you a Throne in Heauen:
Where smiling Angels shall your guardians be,
From blemisht Traitors staind with periury:
And as the Night's inferiour to the Day,
So be all earthly Regions to your sway.
Be as the Sunne to Day, the Day to Night;
For, from your beames *Europe* shall borrow light:
Mirth drowne your bosome, faire Delight your minde,
And may our pastime your contentment finde.

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Exit.

Ten Perſons may eaſily play it.

The King, and Rumbelo	*for one.*
King Valentia,	*for one.*
Mucedorus the Prince of Valentia,	*for one.*
Anſelmo,	*for one.*
Amadine the Kings Daughter of Aragon,	*for one.*
Segaſto a Noble-man,	*for one.*
Envy, Tremelio a Captaine, Bremo a wild man,	*for one.*
Comedy, a Boy, an old Woman, Ariena, Amadines maid,	*for one.*
Colin a Councellor, a Meſſenger,	*for one.*
Mouſe the Clowne,	*for one.*

A moſt pleaſant Comedy of *Mucedorus* the Kings Sonne of *Valentia*, and *Amadine* the Kings Daughter of *Aragon*.

Enter Comedy ioyfully, with a Garland of Bayes on her head.

WHy ſo thus doe I hope to pleaſe;
Muſicke reuiues, and mirth is tolerable:
Comedy play thy part and pleaſe;
Make merry them that come to ioy with thee
Ioy then, good Gentiles, I hope to make you laugh:
Sound forth *Bellona's* ſiluer tuned ſtrings,
Time fits vs well, the day and place is ours.

Enter Enuy, his armes naked, beſmeared with blood.

Enuy. Nay ſtay Minion, ſtay, there lies a blocke:
What all on mirth? Ile interrupt your tale,
And mixe your muſicke with a Tragicke end.

Comedy. What monſtrous vgly hag is this,
That dares controule the pleaſures of our will?
Vaunt churliſh Curre beſmeard with gory blood,
That ſeem'ſt to check the bloſſome of Delight,
And ſtifle the ſound of ſweet *Bellona's* breath:
Bluſh monſter, bluſh, and poſt away with ſhame,
That ſeek'ſt diſturbance of a Goddeſſe name.

Enuy. Poſt hence thy ſelfe thou counter-checking Trull,
I will poſſeſſe this habite ſpight of thee,
And gaine the glory of this wiſhed part:
He thunder Muſicke ſhall appale the Nymphs,
And make them ſhiuer their clattering ſtrings,
Flying for ſuccour to their Damiſh Caues.

Sound Drummes within, and cry ſtab ſtab.

Hearken thou ſhalt heare a noiſe,
Shall fill the Aire with ſhrilling ſound:

And thunder muſicke to the Gods aboue:
Mars ſhall himſelfe breath downe
A peercleſſe Crowne vpon braue *Ennies* head,
And raiſe his chiuall with a laſting fame:
In this braue muſicke *Enuy* takes delight,
Where I may ſee them wallow in their bloud;
To ſpurne at Armes and Legs quite ſhiuered off,
And heare the cryes of many thouſands ſlaine:
How lik'ſt thou this my Troll? tis ſport alone for me.

Com. Vaunt bloudy Curre, nurſt vp with Tigers ſap,
That ſo doſt quaile a womans minde:
Comedy is milde, gentle, willing for to pleaſe,
And ſeekes to gaine the loue of all eſtates:
Delighting in mirth, mixt all with louely tales,
And bringeth things with treble ioy to paſſe.
Thou bloudy, enuious, diſdainer of mens ioyes;
Whoſe name is fraught with bloudy ſtratagems,
Delights in nothing but in ſpoile and death,
Where thou maieſt trample in their luke-warme bloud,
And graſpe their hearts within thy curſed pawes:
Yet vaile thy mind, reuenge thee not on me,
A ſilly woman begges it at thy hands.
Giue me the leaue to vtter out my Play:
Forbeare this place, I humbly craue thee hence,
And mix not death mongſt pleaſing Comedies,
That treat nought elſe but pleaſure and delight:
If any ſparke of humane reſts in thee,
Forbeare, be gone, tender the ſuit of me.

Enuy. Why ſo I will; forbearance ſhall be ſuch,
As treble death ſhall croſſe thee with deſpight,
And make thee mourne where moſt thou ioyeſt,
Turning thy mirth into a deadly dole,
Whirling thy pleaſures with a peale of death,
And drench thy methods in a ſea of bloud:
Thus will I doe: Thus ſhall I beare with thee,
And more, to vex thee with a deeper ſpight,
I will with threats of bloud begin the play,
Fauouring thee with Enuy and with Hate.

Com. Then vgly monster doe thy worst,
I will defend them in despight of thee:
And though thou think'st with Tragicke fumes
To prove my play vnto my great disgrace,
I force it not, I scorne what thou canst doe:
I'le grace it so, thy selfe shall it confesse,
From Tragicke stuffe to be a pleasant Comedy.

Enuy. Why then *Comedy* send thy Actors forth,
And I will crosse the first step of their Trade,
Making them feare the very dart of death.

Com. And I'le defend them maugre all thy spight:
So vgly fiend farewell till time shall serue,
That we may meet to parley for the best.

Enuy. Content *Comedy*, I'le goe spread my branch,
And scattered blossomes from mine enuious Tree,
Shall proue two Monsters, spoiling of their ioyes. *Exit.*

Sound.

Enter Mucedorus, and Anselmo his friend.

Muc. *Anselmo?* *Ansel.* My Lord and friend,
Whose deare affections bosome with my heart,
And keepe their domination in one Orbe:
Whence nere disloyalty shall root it forth,
But faith plant firmer in your choice respect.

Muc. Much blame were mine if I should other deeme,
Nor can coy fortune contrary allow:
But my *Anselmo*, loth I am to say, I must enstrange that friend-
Misconstrue not, 'tis from the Realme, not thee: (ship,
Though Lands part Bodies, Hearts keepe company:
Thou know'st that I imparted often haue
Priuate relations with my royall Sire
Had, as concerning beauteous *Amadine*,
Rich *Aragons* bright Iewell: whose face (some say)
That blooming Lillies neuer shone so gay:
Excelling, not excel'd; yet fest report
Does mangle Verity, boasting of what is not,
Wing'd with Desire, thither Ile straight repaire,
And be my fortunes as my thoughts are, faire.

Ansel. Will you forsake *Valentia*? leaue the Court?

Absent.

Abſent you from the eye of Soueraignty,
Doe not ſweet Prince, aduenture on that taske,
Since danger lurkes each where, be won from it.
Muc. Deſiſt diſſwaſion;
My reſolution brookes no battery,
Therefore if thou retaine thy wonted forme,
Aſſiſt what I intend.
Anſel. Your miſſe will breed a blemiſh in the Court,
And throw a frosty deaw vpon that beard,
Whoſe front *Valentia* ſtoopes to.
Muc. If thou my welfare tender, then no more,
Let Loues ſtrong Magicke charme thy triuiall phraſe,
Waſted as vainely as to gripe the Sunne:
Augment not then more anſwer; locke thy lips,
Vnleſſe thy Wiſdome ſute me with diſguiſe,
According to my purpoſe.
Anſel. That action craues no counſell.
Since what you rightly are, will more command,
Than beſt vſurped ſhape.
Muc. Thou ſtill art oppoſite in diſpoſition.
A more obſcure ſeruile habiliment
Beſeems this enterpriſe.
Anſel. Then like a *Florentine* or *Mountebanke*.
Muc. Tis much too tedious, I diſlike thy iudgement;
My minde is grafted on a humbler ſtocke.
Anſ. Within my cloſet does there hang a Caſſocke,
Though bate the weed is, 'twas a ſhepherds,
Which I preſented in Lord *Iulius* Maske.
Muc. That my *Anſelmo*, and none elſe but that,
Maske *Mucedorus* from the vulgar view:
That habit ſutes my minde, fetch me that weed.
Exit Anſelmo.
Bitter than kings haue not diſdain'd that ſtate,
And much inferiour to obtaine their mate.
Enter Anſelmo with a Shepherds coat.
So, let our reſpect command thy ſecrecie,
Anounce a briefe farewell,
Delay to Louers is a ſecond Hell. *Exit Mucedorus.*
Anſel.

Ansel. Prosperity fore-runne thee: Aukward chance,
Neuer be neighbour to thy wishes venture,
Content and Fame aduance thee. Euer thriue,
And glory thy mortality surviue.

Enter Mouse with a bottle of hay.

Mouse. O horrible terrible! Was euer poore Gentleman so fear'd out of his seuen senses? A Beare? Nay sure it cannot be a beare, but some Deuill in a Beares doublet; for a Beare could neuer haue had that agility to haue frighted me. Well, Ile see my father hang'd before Ile serue his Horse any more: Well, Ile carry home my bottle of hay, and for once make my fathers Horse turne Puritane, and obserue Fasting dayes, for he gets not a bit. But soft, this way she followed me, therefore Ile take the other path, and because Ile be sure to haue an eye to her, I will shake hands with some foolish Creditor, and make euery step backward.

As he goes backward, the Beare comes in, and he tumbles ouer her, and runs away, and leaues his bottle of hay behinde him.

Enter Segasto running, and Amadine after him, being pursued with a Beare.

Seg. O flie Madam, flie, or else we are but dead.

Ama. Helpe *Segasto*, helpe, helpe sweet *Segasto*, or else I die.

Segasto runnes away.

Segast. Alas Madam there is no way but flight,
Then haste and saue your selfe.

Ama. Why then I dye. Ah helpe me in distresse.

Enter Mucedorus like a Shepherd, with a sword drawne, and a Beares head in his hand.

Muce. Stay Lady stay, and be no more dismaid,
That cruell beast most mercilesse and fell,
Affrighted many with his hard pursues,
Prying from place to place to finde his prey,
Prolonging thus his life by others death;
His carkas now lies headlesse void of breath.

Ama. That foule deformed Monster is he dead?

Muce. Assure your selfe thereof, behold his head.

Which if it please you Lady to accept,
With willing heart I yeeld it to your Maiesty.

Ama. Thanks worthy Shepherd, thanks a thousand times,
This gift assure thy selfe contents me more,
Than greatest bounty of a mighty Prince,
Although he were the Monarch of the world.

Muce. Most gracious Goddesse, more than mortall wight,
Your heauenly hue of right imports no lesse:
Most glad am I, in that it was my chance
To vndertake this enterprise in hand,
Which doth so greatly glad your Princely minde.

Ama. No Goddesse (Shepherd) but a mortall wight,
A mortall wight distressed as thou seest;
My Father here is King of *Aragon*,
I *Amadine* his onely daughter am,
And after him sole heire vnto the Crowne:
Now whereas it is my fathers will,
To marry me vnto *Segasto*,
One whose wealth through Fathers former vsury,
Is knowne to be no lesse than wonderfull:
We both of custome oftentimes did vse,
(Leauing the Court) to walke within the fields
For recreation, especially the Spring,
In that it yeelds great store of rare delights:
And passing further than our wonted walkes,
Scarce entered within these luckelesse woods,
But right before vs downe a steep-fall hill,
A monstrous vgly Beare did hie him fast
To meet vs both: I faint to tell the rest;
Good Shepherd but suppose the ghastly lookes,
The hideous feares, the hundred thousand woes
Which at this instant *Amadine* sustain'd.

Muce. Yet worthy Princesse let thy sorrow cease,
And let this sight your former ioyes renuue.

Ama. Beleeue me shepherd, so it doth no lesse.

Muce. Long may they last vnto your hearts content.
But tell me Lady, what is become of him,
Segasto cal'd; what is become of him?

Ama.

Ama. I know not I, that know the powers diuine,
But God grant this, that ſweet *Segaſto* liue.
Muce. Yet hard hearted he in ſuch a caſe,
So cowardly to ſaue himſelfe by flight,
And leaue ſo braue a Princeſſe to the ſpoile.
Ama. Well ſhepherd for thy worthy valour tried,
Endangering thy ſelfe to ſet me free,
Vnrecompenced ſure thou ſhalt not be:
In Court thy courage ſhall be plainly knowne,
Throughout the Kingdome will I ſpread thy name,
To thy renowne and neuer dying fame:
And that thy courage may be better knowne,
Beare thou the head of this moſt monſtrous beaſt
In open ſight to euery Courtiers view:
So will the King my father thee reward.
Come let's away and guard me to the Court.
Muce. With all my heart. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Segaſt. When heaps of harmes doe houer ouer head,
Tis time as then (ſome ſay) to looke about,
And of enſuing harmes to chuſe the leaſt:
But hard, yea hapleſſe, is that wretches chance,
Luckleſſe his lot, and caitiffe-like accurſt,
At whoſe proceedings Fortune euer frownes:
My ſelfe I meane, moſt ſubiect vnto thrall.
For I, the more I ſeeke to ſhun the worſt,
The more by proofe I finde my ſelfe accurſt.
Erewhiles aſſaulted with an vgly Beare
Faire *Amadine* in company all alone;
Forthwith by flight I thought to ſaue my ſelfe,
Leauing my *Amadine* vnto her ſhifts:
For death it was for to reſiſt the Beare,
And death no leſſe of *Amadines* harmes to heare.
Accurſed I, in lingring life thus long:
In liuing thus, each minute of an houre
Doth pierce my heart with darts of thouſand deaths:
If ſhe by flight her fury doth eſcape,
What will ſhe thinke?

Will she not say, yea flatly to my face,
Accusing me of meere disloyalty,
A trusty friend is tride in time of need:
But I, when she in danger was of death,
And needed me, and cride; S *gasto* helpe,
I turn'd my backe and quickly ran away,
Vnworthy I to beare this vitall breath:
But what, what need these plaints?
If *Amadine* doe line, then happy I,
Shee will in time forgiue, and so forget:
Amadine is mercifull not *Iuno* like,
In harmefull hearts to harbour hatred long.

Enter Mouse the Clowne running crying clubs.

Mou. Clubs, Prongs, Pitchforks, Bills: Oh helpe,
A Beare, a Beare, a Beare.

Seg. Still Beares, and nothing but Beares.
Tell me sirra where she is.

Clow. O sir, she is runne downe the woods,
I saw her white head, and her white belly.

Segast. Thou talk'st of wonders to tell me of white Beares.
But sirra, didst thou euer see any such?

Clow. No faith, I neuer saw any such:
But I remember my fathe s words,
He bad me take heed I was not caught with the white Beare.

Segast. A lamentable tale no doubt.

Clow. Ile tell you what sir, as I was going a field to serue my fathers great Horse, and carried a bottle of hay vpon my head: Now doe you see sir, I fast hudwinkt that I could see nothing, I perceiuing the Beare comming, I threw my hay into the hedge and ran away.

Segast. What, from nothing?

Clow. I warrant you yes, I saw something: for there was two load of thornes beside: my bottle of hay, and that made three.

Segast. But tell me sirrah: the Beare that thou didst see,
Did she not beare a bucket on her arme?

Clow. Ha, ha, ha, I neuer saw a Beare goe a milking in all my life.
But harke you sir, I did not looke so hie as her arme,
I saw nothing but her white head, and her white belly.

Segast.

Segaſt. But tell me ſirra: where doſt thou dwell?

Clow. Why doe you not know me?

Segaſt. Why no, how ſhould I know thee?

Clow. Why then you know no body, and you know not me: I tell you ſir I am goodman Rats ſonne of the next Pariſh ouer the hill.

Segaſt. Goodman Rats ſonne, what's thy name?

Clow. Why I am very neere kin vnto him.

Segaſt. I thinke ſo; but whats thy name?

Clow. My name? I haue a very pretty name. Ile tell you what my name is: my name is *Mouſe*.

Segaſt. What plaine *Mouſe*?

Clow. I, plaine *Mouſe* without either welt or gard. But doe you heare ſir, I am a very young Mouſe, for my taile is ſcarce growne out yet: looke here elſe.

Segaſt. But I pray you who gaue you that name?

Clo. Faith ſir, I know not that, but if you would faine know, aske my fathers great Horſe, for he hath beene halfe a yeere longer with my father than I haue beene.

Segaſt. This ſeemes to be a merry fellow,
I care not if I take him home with me:
Mirth is a comfort to a troubled minde.
A merry man a merry maſter makes.
How ſaiſt thou ſirrah, wilt thou dwell with me?

Clow. Nay ſoft ſir, two words to a bargaine. Pray what Occupation are you?

Segaſt. No Occupation, I liue vpon my lands.

Clow. Your lands I away, you are no maſter for me. Why do you thinke that I am ſo mad to goe ſeeke my liuing in the lands among the ſtones, bryers, and buſhes, and weare my holiday apparell? Not I by your leaue.

Segaſt. Why I doe not meane thou ſhalt. *Clow.* How then?

Segaſt. Why thou ſhalt be my man, and wait on me at Court.

Clow. Whats that? *Segaſt.* Where the King lies.

Clow. What is that King, a man or a woman?

Segaſt. A man as thou art.

Clow. As I am: Harke you ſir, pray you what kin is hee to goodman King of our Pariſh the Church-warden?

Segaſt. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land.

Clow. King of the whole Land, I neuer ſaw him.

Seg. If thou wilt dwell with me, thou ſhalt ſee him euery day.

Clo. Shal I goe home againe to be torne in peeces with Beares? No not I; I will goe home and put on a cleane ſhirt, and then goe drowne my ſelfe.

Seg. Thou ſhalt not need, if thou wilt dwell with me thou ſhalt want nothing.

Clow. Shall I not? then here's my hand, Ile dwell with you: And harke you ſir, now you haue entertained me, Ile tell you what I can doe, I can keepe my tongue from picking and ſtealing, and my hands from lying and ſlandering, I warrant you as well as euer you had any man in your life.

Segaſt. Now will I to Court with ſorrowfull heart rounded with doubts: If *Amadine* doe liue, then happy I; yea happy I if *Amadine* doe liue.

Enter the King with a young priſoner, Amadine, Tremelio, with Collin and Counſellors.

King. Now braue Lords, our warres are brought to end,
Our foes the foile, and wee in ſafety reſt:
It vs behoues to vſe ſuch clemency in peace,
As valour in the warres;
Tis as great honour to be bountifull at home,
As conquerours in the field.
Therefore my Lords, the more to my content,
Your liking, and our Countries ſafeguard,
We are diſpos'd in Marriage for to giue
Our daughter vnto Lord *Segaſto* here,
Who ſhall ſucceed the Diademe after me,
And reigne hereafter, as I tofore haue done,
Your ſole and lawfull King of *Aragon*.
What ſay you Lordlings, like you my aduice?

Col. An't pleaſe your Maieſty, we doe not only allow of your Highneſſe pleaſure, but alſo vow faithfully in what we may, to further it.

King. Thanks good my Lords, if long *Adraſtus* liue,
He will at full requite your courteſies.
Tremelio, in recompence of thy late valour done,

Take

Take vnto thee the *Catelone* a Prince
Lately our prisoner taken in the warres:
Be thou his keeper, his ransome shall be thine:
Wee'll thinke of it when leasure shall afford.
Meane while doe vse him well, his father is a King.
Tre. Thanks to your maiesty, his vsage shall be such,
As he thereat shall haue no cause to grutch. *Exit.*
King. Then march we on to Court, and rest our wearied (limbs,
But *Collin*, I haue a tale in secret fit for thee,
When thou shalt heare a watch-word from thy King,
Thinke then some weighty matter is at hand,
That highly shall concerne our State:
Then *Collin* looke thou be not farre from me,
And for thy seruice thou tofore hast done,
Thy truth and valour prou'd in euery point,
I shall with bounties thee inlarge therefore.
So guard vs to the Court.
Coll. What so my Soueraigne doth command me doe,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto, and the Clowne with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me sirrah, how doe you like your weapons?
Clow. O very well, very well, they keepe my sides warme.
Seg. They keepe the dogs from you: shins well, do they not?
Clow. How, keepe the doggs from my shins, I would scorne but my shins should keepe the dogs from them.
Seg. Well Sirrah leauing idle talke, tell me
Dost thou know Captaine *Tremelio's* chamber?
Clow. I very well, it hath a doore.
Seg. I thinke so, for so hath euery chamber:
But dost thou know the man?
Clow. I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face,
Seg. Why so hath euery one. *Clo.* That's more than I know.
Seg. But dost thou remember the Captaine that was here with the King, that brought the young Prince prisoner?
Clow. O very well.
Seg. Goe to him, and bid him come vnto me:
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him.
Clow. I will Master, whats his name?

Seg. ast.

Segaſt. No kin to him, he is the King of the whole Land.

Clow. King of the whole Land, I neuer ſaw him.

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I shall with bounties thee inlarge therefore.
So guard vs to the Court.
Coll. What so my Soueraigne doth command me doe,
With willing minde I gladly yeeld consent. *Exeunt.*

Enter Segasto, and the Clowne with weapons about him.

Seg. Tell me sirrah, how doe you like your weapons?
Clow. O very well, very well, they keepe my sides warme.
Seg. They keepe the dogs from your shins well, do they not?
Clow. How, keepe the doggs from my shins, I would scorne but my shins should keepe the dogs from them.
Seg. Well Sirrah leaving idle talke, tell me
Dost thou know Captaine *Trenchie's* chamber?
Clow. I very well, it hath a doore.
Seg. I thinke so, for so hath euery chamber:
But dost thou know the man?
Clow. I forsooth, he hath a nose on his face,
Seg. Why so hath euery one. *Clo.* That's more than I know.
Seg. But dost thou remember the Captaine that was here with the King, that brought the young Prince prisoner?
Clow. O very well.
Seg. Goe to him, and bid him come vnto me:
Tell him I haue a matter in secret to impart to him.
Clow. I will Master, whats his name?

Segast.

Segaſt. Why Captaine *Tremelio.*

Clow. O, the Meale-man: I know him very well,
He brings meale euery Saturday: But hearke you Maſter,
Muſt I bid him come to you, or muſt you come to him?

Segaſt. No ſirra, he muſt come to me.

Clow. Hearke you Maſter: if he be not at home,
What ſhall I doe then?

Segaſt. Why then leaue word with ſome of his folkes.

Clow. O Maſter if there be no body within,
I will leaue word with his Dogge.

Segaſt. Why can his Dog ſpeake?

Clow. I cannot tell, wherefore doth he keep his chamber elſe?

Segaſt. To keepe out ſuch knaues as thou art.

Clow. Nay by Lady, then goe your ſelfe.

Segaſt. You will goe ſir, will you not?

Clow. Yes marry will I, O tis come to my head:
And he be not within, Ile bring his chamber to you.

Segaſt. What, will you plucke downe the Kings houſe?

Clow. No by Lady, Ile know the price of it firſt.
Maſter, it is ſuch a hard name I have forgotten it againe:
I pray you tell me his name.

Segaſt. I tell thee, Captaine *Tremelio.*

Clow. O Captaine treble knaue, Captaine treble knaue.

Enter Tremelio.

Tre. How now ſirra, doſt thou call me?

Clow. You muſt come to my Maſter, Captaine treble knaue.

Tre. My Lord *Segaſto* did you ſend for me?

Segaſt. I did *Tremelio*: Sirra about your buſineſſe.

Clow. I marry, what's that, can you tell?

Segaſt. No not well.

Clow. Marry then I can, ſtraight to the Kitchin-dreſſer to *John* the Cooke, and get mee a good peece of Beefe and Brewis, and then to the Buttery hatch to *Thomas* the Butler for a lacke of Beere: and there for an houre Ile ſo belabour my ſelfe, and therfore I pray you call me not till you thinke I haue done, I pray you good Maſter. *Exit.*

Segaſt. Well Sir away.
Tremelio, this it is, thou knoweſt the valour of *Segaſto*,

Spread

Spread through all the Kingdome of *Aragon*,
And such as haue found triumph and fauours,
Neuer daunted at any time: but now a Shepherd,
Admired in Court for worthinesse,
And *Segasto's* honour laid aside:
My will therefore is this, that thou dost finde some meanes to worke the Shepherds death; I know thy strength sufficient to performe my desire, and to loue no otherwise than to reuenge my iniuries.

Tre. It is not the frownes of a Shepherd that *Tremelio* feares;
Therefore account it accomplish'd what I take in hand.

Segast. Thanks good *Tremelio*, and assure thy selfe,
What I promise, that I will performe.

Tre. Thanks good my Lord: And in good time,
See where he commeth: stand by a while,
And you shall see me put in practice your intended drift.
Haue at thee Swaine, if that I hit thee right.

Enter Mucedorus.

Muc. Vilde Coward; so without cause to strike a man;
Turne Coward turne: now strike and doe thy worst.

Mucedorus killeth him.

Segast. Hold Shepherd hold, spare him, kill him not.
Accursed villaine, tell me, what hast thou done?
Ah *Tremlio*, trusty *Tremelio*, I sorrow for thy death,
And since that thou liuing didst proue faithfull to *Segasto*,
So *Segasto* now liuing will honour the dead
Corps of *Tremelio*, with reuenge.
Bloud-thirsty villaine, borne and bred in mercilesse murder,
Tell me, how durst thou be so bold,
As once to lay thy hands vpon the least of mine?
Assure thy selfe thou shalt be vs'd according to the Law.

Muc. Segasto cease, these threats are needlesse,
Accuse me not of murder, that haue done nothing
But in mine owne defence.

Segast. Nay Shepherd reason not with me,
Il'e manifest thy fact vnto the King:
Whose doome will be thy death, as thou deseru'st.
What hoe: *Mouse* come away.

Enter Mouse.

Clow. Why how now whats the matter?
I thought you would be calling before I had done.

Segaſt. Come helpe away with my friend.

Clow. Why is he drunke? can he not ſtand on his feet?

Segaſt. No he is not drunke, he is ſlaine.

Clow. Flaine? no by Lady he is not ſlaine.

Segaſt. He is kil'd I tell thee.

Clow. What doe you vſe to kill your friends? I will ſerve you no longer.

Segaſt. I tell thee the ſhepherd kil'd him;

Clow. O did he ſo? But Maſter, I will haue all his apparell if I carry him away.

Segaſt. Why ſo thou ſhalt.

Clow. Come then I will helpe: Maſſe Maſter I thinke his mother ſung looby to him, he is ſo heauy. *Exeunt.*

Muc. Behold the fickle ſtate of man alwaies mutable, neuer at one,
Sometime we feed our fancies with the ſweet of our deſires:
Sometimes againe, we feele the heat of extreme miſeries.
Now am I in fauour about the Court and Country,
To morrow thoſe fauours will turne to frownes.
To day I liue reuenged on my foe,
To morrow I die, my foe reuenged on me. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo a wilde man.

Bremo. No paſſenger this morning? what not one?
A chance that ſeldome doth befall,
What not one? Then lie thou there,
And reſt thy ſelfe till I haue further need:
Now *Bremo* ſith thy leaſure ſo affords,
An endleſſe thing, who knowes not *Bremo's* ſtrength,
Who like a King commands within theſe woods?
The Beare, the Bore dare not abide his ſight,
But haſte away to ſaue themſelues by flight.
The Chryſtall waters in the Bubbling Brookes,
When I come by doe ſwiftly ſlide away,
And claps themſelues in cloſets vnder banks,
Afraid to looke bold *Bremo* in the face.
The aged Oakes at *Bremo's* breath doe bowe,
And all things elſe are ſtill at my command.

Elſe

Else what would I?
Rend them in peeces, and plucke them from the earth,
And each way else I would reuenge my selfe.
Why who comes here with whom I dare not fight?
Who fights with me and doth not die the death? not one.
What fauour shewes this sturdy sticke to those
That here within these woods are combatants with me?
Why death, and nothing else but present death.
With restlesse rage I wander through these woods,
No creature here, but feareth *Bremo's* force:
Man, woman, childe, beast and bird,
And euery thing that doth approach my sight,
Are forst to fall, if *Bremo* once doe frowne.
Come Cudgell come, my partner in my spoyles,
For here I see this day it will not be,
But when it fals that I encounter any,
One pat sufficeth for to worke my will.
What comes not one? then lets be gone,
A time will serue when we shall better speed. *Exit.*

Enter the King, Segasto, the Shepherd, and the Clowne with others.

King. Shepherd, thou hast heard thy accusers,
Murder is laid to thy charge:
What canst thou say? thou hast deserued death.

Muc. Dread Soueraigne I must needs confesse,
I slew this captaine in mine owne defence,
Not of any malice but by chance:
But mine accuser hath a further meaning.

Segast. Words will not here preuaile,
I seeke for iustice, and iustice craues his death.

King. Shepherd thine own confession hath condemned thee
Sirra take him away, and doe him to execution straight.

Clow. So he shall, I warrant him:
But doe you heare Master King: he is kin to a Monky,
His necke is bigger than his head.

Segast. Come sirra away with him,
And hang him about the middle.

Clow. Yes forsooth I warrant you, come you sirra:
A, so like a sheep-biter a lookes.

Enter Amadine, and a Boy with a Beares head.

Ama. Dread Soueraigne, and well beloued Sire,
On bended knee I craue the life of this condemned Shepherd, which heretofore preserued the life of thy sometime distressed daughter.

King. Preserued the life of my sometime distressed daughter?
How can that be? I neuer knew the time
Wherein thou wast distrest: I neuer knew the day,
But that I haue maintained thy estate,
As best beseem'd the daughter of a King.
I neuer saw the Shepherd vntill now,
How comes it then that he preseru'd thy life?

Ama. Once walking with *Segasto* in the woods,
Further than our accustomed manner was,
Right before vs downe a steep-fall hill,
A monstrous vgly beare did his him fast
To meete vs both: now whether this be true,
I refer it to the credit of *Segasto*.

Seg. Most true an't like your Maiesty. *King.* How then?

Ama. The Beare being eager to obtaine his prey,
Made forward to vs with an open mouth,
As if he meant to swallow vs both at once:
But specially your daughter *Amadine*,
Who for I saw no succour incident,
But in *Segasto's* valour, I grew desperate:
And he most coward-like began to flie,
Left me distrest to be deuour'd of him,
How say you *Segasto*, is it not true?

King. His silence verifies it to be true: what then?

Ama. Then I amaz'd distressed all alone,
Did hie me fast to scape that vgly Beare,
But all in vaine, for why he reached after me,
And hardly I did oft escape his pawes;
Till at the length this shepherd came,
And brought to me his head. (Maiesty.
Come hither boy, loe here it is, which I doe present vnto your

King. The slaughter of this Beare deserues great fame.

Segast.

Segaſt. The ſlaughter of a man deſerues great blame.
King. Indeed occaſion oftentimes ſo fals out.
Segaſt. Tremelio in the warres (O King) preſerued thee:
Ama. The Shepherd in the woods (O King) preſerued me.
Segaſt. Tremelio fought when many men did yeeld.
Ama. So would the Shepherd had he bin in field.
Clow. So would my Maſter had he not runne away.
Segaſt. Tremelio's force ſau'd thouſands from the foe.
Ama. The Shepherds force hath many thouſands moe.
Clow. Aye Shipſticks nothing elſe.
King. *Segaſto* ceaſe to accuſe the Shepherd,
His worthineſſe deſerues a recompence:
All we are bound to doe the Shepherd good.
Shepherd, whereas it was my ſentence thou ſhouldſt die,
So ſhall my ſentence ſtand, for thou ſhalt die.
Segaſt. Thanks to your Maieſty.
King. But ſoft *Segaſto*, not for this offence:
Long maiſt thou liue, and when the ſiſters ſhall decree
To cut in twaine the twiſted thred of life,
Then let him die, for this I ſet him free,
And for thy valour I will honour thee.
Ama. Thanks to your Maieſty.
King. Come daughter let vs now depart to honour the worthy valour of the Shepherd with our rewards. *Exeunt.*
Clow. O maſter heare you, you haue made a freſh hand now,
I thought you would beſhrew you: what will you doe now?
You haue loſt me a good occupation by this meanes:
Faith Maſter now I cannot hang the ſhepherd,
I pray you let me take paines to hang you,
It is but halfe an houres exerciſe.
Segaſt. You are ſtill in your knauery:
But ſith I cannot haue his life,
I will procure his baniſhment for euer. Come on Sirra.
Clow. Yes forſooth, I come. Laugh at him I pray you. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muc. From *Amadine* and from her Fathers Court,
With gold and ſiluer and with rich rewards,
Flowing from the banks of gold and treaſures:

More may I boaſt and ſay: but I
Was neuer Shepherd in ſuch dignity.

Enter the Meſſenger and the Clowne.

Meſſ. All haile worthy Shepherd.

Clow. All raine lowſie Shepherd.

Muce. Welcome my friends, from whence come you?

Meſ. The King and *Amadine* greet thee well,
And after greeting done, bids thee depart the Court.
Shepherd be gone.

Clow. Shepherd take law-legs, fly away Shepherd.

Muc. Whoſe words are theſe, came theſe from *Amadine*?

Meſ. I from *Amadine.* *Clow.* Aye from *Amadine.*

Muc. Ah luckleſſe Fortune, worſe than *Phaetons* tale,
My former bliſſe is now become my bale.

Clow. What wilt thou poyſon thy ſelfe?

Muc. My former heauen is now become my hell.

Clow. The worſt ale-houſe that euer I came in, in all my life.

Muc. What ſhall I doe?

Clow. Euen goe hang thy ſelfe.

Muc. Can *Amadine* ſo churliſhly command
To baniſh the ſhepherd from her fathers Court?

Meſ. What ſhould Shepherds doe in the Court?

Clow. What ſhould Shepherds doe among vs?
Haue not we Lords enough on vs in the Court?

Muc. Why Shepherds are men, and Kings are no more.

Meſ. Shepherds are men, and maſters ouer their flocks.

Clow. Thats a lie, who paies them their wages then?

Meſ. Well, you are alwaies interrupting of me;
But you were beſt to looke to him, leſt you hang for him
When he is gone. *Exit.*

The Clowne ſings.

Clow. And you ſhall hang for company,
For leauing me alone.
Shepherd ſtand forth and heare my ſentence.
Shepherd be gone within three daies in paine of my diſpleaſure.
Shepherd be gone, Shepherd be gone, be gone, be gone, be gone, Shepherd, Shepherd, Shepherd.

Muc. And muſt I goe? and muſt I needs depart?

Yee

Yee goodly Groues partakers of my songs,
In time before when fortune did not frowne,
Powre forth your plaints and waile a while with me:
And thou bright Sunne the comfort of my cold,
Hide, hide thy face, and leaue me comfortlesse:
Yee wholesome herbs and sweet smelling sauours,
Yea each thing else prolonging life of man,
Change, change your wonted course,
That I wanting your aide, in wofull sort may die.

Enter Amadine and Ariena her maid.

Ama. *Arieua*, if any body aske for me,
Make some excuse till I returne.

Ari. What and *Segasto* call?

Ama. Doe you the like to him, I meane not to stay long. *Exit.*

Muc. This voice so sweet my pining spirits reuiues.

Ama. Shepherd well met, tell me how thou dost?

Muc. I linger life, yet wish for speedy death.

Ama. Shepherd although thy banishment already be decreed, and all against my will, yet *Amadine*.

Muc. Ah *Amadine* to heare of banishment is death:
I double death to me but since I must depart, one thing I craue.

Ama. Say on with all my heart.

Muc. That in absence eyther farre or neere,
You honour me as seruant to your name.

Ama. Not so. *Muc.* And why?

Ama. I honour thee as Soueraigne of my heart.

Muc. A Shepherd and a Soueraigne nothing like.

Ama. Yet like enough, where there is no dislike.

Muc. Yet great dislike, or else no banishment.

Ama. Shepherd, it is onely *Segasto* that procures thy banishment.

Muc. Vnworthy wights are more in iealousie.

Ama. Would God they would free thee from banishment,
Or likewise banish me.

Muc. Amen I say to haue your company.

Ama. Well Shepherd, sith thou suffer'st thus for my sake,
With thee in exile also let me liue,
On this condition Shepherd thou canst loue.

Muc. No longer loue, no longer let me liue.

Ama.

Ama. Of late I loued one indeed, but now I loue none but
Muc. Thanks worthy Princeſſe: I burne likewiſe, (only thee.
Yet ſmother vp the blaſt.
I dare not promiſe what I may performe.
Ama. Well Shepherd, harke what I ſhall ſay,
I will returne vnto my Fathers Court,
There for to prouide me of ſuch neceſſaries
As for my iourny I ſhall thinke moſt fit:
This being done, I will returne to thee;
Doe thou therefore appoint the place
Where we may meet.
Muc. Downe in the valley where I ſlew the Beare,
And there doth grow a faire broad branched Beech
That ouerſhades a Well, ſo who comes firſt,
Let him abide the happy meeting of vs both.
How like you this? *Ama.* I like it well.
Muce. Now if you pleaſe you may appoint the time.
Ama. Full three houres hence, God willing I will returne.
Muc. The thanks that *Paris* gaue the Grecian Queene,
The like doth *Mucedorus* yeeld.
Ama. Then *Mucedorus* for three houres farewell. *Exit.*
Muc. Your departure Lady breeds a priuy paine. *Exit.*

Enter Segaſto ſolus.

Segaſt. Tis well *Segaſto* that thou haſt thy will:
Should ſuch a Shepherd, ſuch a ſimple ſwaine as he
Eclips thy credit, famous through the Court?
No, ply *Segaſto* ply, let it not in *Aragon* be ſaid,
A Shepherd hath *Segaſto's* honour won.

Enter Mouſe the Clowne calling his Maſter.

Clow. What, hoe Maſter, wil you come away?
Segaſt. Will you come hither I pray you, whats the matter?
Clow. Why is it not paſt eleuen of the clocke?
Segaſt. How then ſir?
Clow. I pray you come away to dinner.
Segaſt. I pray you come hither.
Clow. Here's ſuch a doe with you, will you neuer come?
Segaſt. I pray you ſir, what newes of the meſſage I ſent you a-
Clow. I tell you all the meſſes be on the Table already. (bout?

There

There wants not ſo much as a meſſe of Muſtard halfe an houre

Segaſt. Come ſir, your minde is all vpon your belly, (agoe.
You haue forgotten what I bade you doe.

Clo. Faith, I know nothing, but you bade me go to breakfaſt.

Segaſt. Was that all?

Clow. Faith I haue forgotten it, the very ſent of the meat hath made me forget it quite.

Segaſt. You haue forgot the Arrand I bid you doe.

Clow. What Arrand, an arrant knaue or an arrant whore?

Segaſt. Why thou knaue, did I not bid thee baniſh the (Shepherd.

Clow. O the Shepherds Baſtard.

Segaſt. I tell thee the Shepherds baniſhment.

Clow. I tell you the Shepherds Baſtard ſhall be well kept, Ile looke to it my ſelfe, but I pray you come away to dinner.

Segaſt. Then you will not tell me whether you haue baniſhed him or no?

Clow. Why I cannot ſay baniſhment, if you would giue me a thouſand pounds to ſay ſo.

Segaſt. Why you whorſon ſlaue, haue you forgotten that I ſent you and another to driue away the Shepherd?

Clow. What an Aſſe are you? here's a ſtirre indeed:
Here's Meſſage, Arrant, Baniſhment, and I cannot tell what.

Segaſt. I pray you ſir, ſhall I know whether you haue droue him away?

Clow. Faith I thinke I haue, and you will not beleeue me, aske my ſtaffe.

Segaſt. Why can thy ſtaffe tell?

Clow. Why he was with me too.

Segaſt. Then happy I that haue obtain'd my will.

Clow. And happier I if you would goe to dinner.

Segaſt. Come ſirra follow me.

Clow. I warrant you I will not loſe an inch of you now you are going to dinner: I promiſe you I thought ſeuen yeares before I could get him away.

Enter Amadine ſola.

Ama. God grant my long delay procures no harme,
Nor this my tarrying fruſtrate my pretence:
My *Mucedorus* ſurely ſtayes for me,

And thinks me ouer-long, at length I come,
My preſent promiſe to performe:
Ah what a thing is firme vnfained loue!
What is it which true loue dares not attempt?
My father he may make, but I muſt match:
Segaſto loues, but *Amadine* muſt like
Where likes her beſt: compulſion is a thrall;
No, no, the hearty choice is all in all.
The Shepherds vertue *Amadine* eſteemes:
But what me thinks the ſhepherd is not come;
I muſe at that, the houre is at hand:
Well here Ile reſt till *Mucedorus* come. *She ſits downe.*

Enter Bremo looking about haſtily takes hold on her.

Bre. A happy prey: now *Bremo* feed on fleſh:
Dainties *Bremo*, dainties, thy hungry paunch to fill;
Now glut thy greedy guts with luke-warme bloud:
Come fight with me, I long to ſee thee dead.

Ama. How can ſhe fight that weapons cannot wield?

Bre. What canſt not fight? then lie thee downe and die.

Ama. What muſt I die?

Bre. What needs theſe words? I thirſt to ſucke thy bloud.

Ama. Yet pitty me and let me liue a while.

Bre. No pitty I, Ile feed vpon thy fleſh,
And teare thy body peece-meale ioynt by ioynt.

Ama. Ah now I want my Shepherds company.

Bre. Ile cruſh thy bones betweene two Oaken trees.

Ama. Haſte Shepherd haſte, or elſe thou com'ſt too late.

Bre. Ile ſucke the ſweetneſſe from thy marrow bones.

Ama. Ah ſpare, ah ſpare to ſhed my guiltleſſe bloud.

Bre. With this my bat I will beat out thy braines:
Downe, downe I ſay, proſtrate thy ſelfe vpon the ground.

Ama. Then *Mucedorus* farewell, my hoped ioyes farewell;
Yet farewell life, and welcome preſent death. *She kneeles.*
To thee O God, I yeeld my dying ghoſt.

Bre. Now *Bremo* play thy part.
How now? what ſudden chance is this?
My limbs doe tremble, and my ſinewes ſhake;

My

My vaweakned armes haue loſt their former force:
Ah *Bremo*, *Bremo*, what a foile hadſt thou,
That yet at no time waſt afraid
To dare the greateſt Gods to fight with thee, *He ſtrikes.*
And now wants ſtrength for one downe driuing blow?
Ah how my courage failes when I ſhould ſtrike;
Some new-come ſpirit abiding in my breſt,
Saith ſpare her *Bremo*, ſpare her, doe not kill;
Shall I ſpare her that neuer ſpared any?
To it *Bremo*, to it; ſay againe:
I cannot wield my weapons in my hand,
Me thinks I ſhould not ſtrike ſo faire a one:
I thinke her beauty hath bewitcht my force,
Or elſe within me altred natures courſe.
Ay woman, wilt thou liue in woods with me?

Ama. Faine would I liue, yet loth to liue in woods.

Bre. Thou ſhalt not chooſe, it ſhall be as I ſay,
And therefore follow me. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. It was my will an houre agoe and more,
As was my promiſe for to make returne;
But other buſineſſe hindred my pretence.
It is a world to ſee, when man appoints,
And purpoſely one certaine thing decrees,
How many things may hinder his intent:
What one would wiſh, the ſame is fartheſt off:
But yet the appointed time cannot be paſt,
Nor hath her preſence yet preuented me:
Well here Ile ſtay and expect her comming.

They cry within, hold him, hold him.

Some one or other is purſude no doubt,
Perhaps ſome ſearch for me, tis good to doubt the woiſt:
Therefore Ile be gone. *Exit.*

Cry within hold him, hold him: enter Meuſe the Clowne, with a Pot.

Clow. Hold him, hold him, hold him: here's a ſtir indeed: here came hue after the Crier, & I was ſet cloſe at mother *Nips* houſe

and there I cal'd for three pots of Ale, as 'tis the manner of vs Courtiers : Now ſirrah, I had taken the maiden-head of two of them, and as I was lifting vp the third to my mouth, there came hold him, hold him: now I could not tell whom to catch hold on, but I am ſure I caught one, perchance a may be in this pot: Well Ile ſee, maſſe I cannot ſee him yet : well Ile looke a little further ; maſſe he is a little ſlaue if he be here: why heres no body ; all this is well yet. But if the old Trot ſhould come for her pot, I marry there's the matter : but I care not, I'e face her out, and call her old ruſty, duſty, muſty, fuſty, cruſty Fire-brand ; and worſe than all that, and ſo face her out of her Pot : but ſoft here ſhe comes.

Enter the old woman.

Old. Come you knaue, where's my pot you knaue ?

Clow. Goe looke your Pot, come not to me for your Pot twere good for you.

Old. Thou lieſt thou knaue, thou haſt my Pot.

Clow. You lie and you ſay it, I your pot? I know what Ile ſay.

Old. What wilt thou ſay ?

Clow. But ſay I haue it and thou darſt.

Old. Why thou knaue thou haſt not only my Pot but my drinke vnpaid for.

Clow. You lie like an old : I will not ſay whore.

Old. Doſt thou call me whore ? Ile cap thee for my pot.

Clow. Cap me and thou dareſt :
Search me whether I haue it or no.

She ſearcheth him, and he drinketh ouer her head, and caſteth downe the Pot, ſhe ſtumbleth at it, and then they fall together by the eares, ſhe takes vp her Pot, and runnes out.

Enter Segaſto.

Segaſt. How now ſirra whats the matter ?

Clow. O flies Maſter flies.

Segaſt. Flies, where are they ?

Clow. O here Maſter, all about your face.

Segaſt. Why thou lieſt, I thinke thou art mad.

Clow. Why Maſter I haue kild a dung-cart full at the leaſt.

Segaſt. Goe to ſirra, leaue this idle talke, giue care to me.

Clow. How, giue you one of my eares.

Not

Not and you were ten Masters.

Segast. Why sir I pray you giue eare to my words.

Clow. I tell you I wil not be made a Cuttall for no mans pleasure.

Segast. I tell thee attend what I shall say.

Goe thy waies straight and reare the whole towne.

Clow. How, reare the whole towne? euen goe your selfe, it is more than I can doe; Why doe you thinke I can reare a towne, that can scarce reare a Pot of Ale to my head; I should reare a towne, should I not?

Segast. Goe to the Constable and make a priuy search, For the Shepherd is run away with the Kings daughter.

Clow. How, is the Shepherd run away with the Kings daughter, or is the Kings daughter run away with the Shepherd?

Segast. I cannot tell, but they are both gone together.

Clow. What a foole is she to run away with the Shepherd; why I thinke I am a little handsomer man than the Shepherd my selfe. But tell me Master, must I make a priuy search, or search in the priuie?

Segast. Why dost thou thinke they will be there?

Clow. I cannot tell.

Segast. Well then search euery where, Leaue no place vnsearcht for them.

Clow. Oh now I am in office: now will I to that old Firebrands house and will not leaue one place vnsearched. Nay Ile to the Ale-stand, and drinke so long as I can stand; and when I haue done, Ile let out all the rest, to see if he be not hid in the Barrel; and if I finde him not there, Ile to the Cubbord. Ile not leaue one corner of her house vnsearcht, ifaith ye old Crust, I will be with you now. *Exit.*

Sound Musicke.

Enter the King of Valentia, Anselmo, Roderigo, Lord Barachius with others.

King Va. Enough of musicke, it but addes to torment, Delights to vexed spirits, are as dates Set to a sickeman, which rather cloy than comfort. Let me intreat you to intreat no more.

Rod. Let your strings sleepe, haue done there:

King Va. Mirth to a soule disturb'd, are Embers turn'd,

Musicke ceaseth.

Which

Which ſodaine gleame with moleſtation,
But ſooner loſe their ſight for't.
Tis gold beſtowed vpon a Rioter,
Which not releeues, but murders him.
Tis a drugge giuen to the healthfull,
Which infects, not cures.
How can a Father that hath loſt his Sonne,
A Prince both wiſe, vertuous, and valiant,
Take pleaſure in the idle acts of Time?
No, no, till *Mucedorus* I ſhall ſee againe,
All ioy is comfortleſſe, all pleaſure paine.

Anſel. Your Sonne (my Lord) is well.

King Va. I prethee, ſpeake that thrice.

Anſel. The Prince your Sonne is ſafe.

King Va. O where *Anſelmo?* ſurſet me with that.

Anſel. In *Aragon* my Liege: and at his parting
Bound my ſecrecie
By his affectious loue not to diſcloſe it;
But care of him, and pitty of your age,
Makes my tongue blab what my breſt vowd concealement.

King Va. Thou not deceiu'ſt me,
I euer thought thee what I finde thee now,
An vpright loyall man.
But what deſire, or young-fed humour
Nurſt within his braine,
Drew him ſo priuately to *Aragon?*

Anſel. A forcing Adamant,
Loue mixt with feare, and doubtfull Ielouſie,
Whether report gilded a worthleſſe Trunke,
Or *Amadine* deſeru'd her high extolment.

King Va. See our prouiſion be in readineſſe,
Collect vs followers of the comelieſt hue
For our chiefe guardians, we will thither wend;
The Chryſtall eye of Heauen ſhall not thrice winke,
Nor the greene Floud ſix times his ſhoulders turne,
Till we ſalute the *Aragonian* King.
Muſicke ſpeake loudly now, the ſeaſon's apt,
For former dolours are in pleaſures wrapt.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Mucedorus to diſguiſe himſelfe.

Muce. Now *Mucedorus* whither wilt thou goe?
Home to thy father, to thy natiue ſoile,
Or try ſome long abode within theſe woods?
Well I will hence depart and hie me home.
What hie me home ſaid I? that may not be:
In *Amadine* reſts my felicity.
Then *Mucedorus* doe as thou didſt decree,
Attire thee Hermite-like within theſe Groues:
Walke often to the Beech, and view the Well,
Make ſettles there, and ſeat thy ſelfe thereon:
And when thou feel'ſt thy ſelfe to be athirſt,
Then drinke a hearty draught to *Amadine*,
No doubt ſhe thinks on thee,
And will one day come pledge thee at this Well.
Come habit thou art fit for me: *He diſguiſeth himſelfe.*
No Shepherd now, an Hermite muſt I be,
Me thinks this fits me very well;
Now muſt I learne to beare a walking ſtaffe,
And exerciſe ſome grauity withall.

Enter the Clowne.

Clow. Heres through the woods and through the woods,
To looke out a Shepherd and a ſtray Kings daughter:
But ſoft, who haue we here? what art thou?

Muc. I am an Hermite.

Clow. An Emmet, I neuer ſaw ſuch a bigge Emmet in all my life before.

Muc. I tell you ſir, I am an Hermite,
One that leads a ſolitary life within theſe woods.

Clow. O I know thee now, thou art he that eats vp all the Hippes and Hawes: we could not haue one peece of fat Bacon for thee all this yeare.

Muc. Thou doſt miſtake me:
But I pray thee tell me, whom thou doſt ſeek in theſe woods?

Clow. What doe I ſeek? for a ſtray Kings daughter,
Runne away with a ſhepherd.

Muc. A ſtray Kings daughter, runne away with a Shepherd,
Wherefore, canſt thou tell?

Clow.

Clow. Yes that I can, 'tis this; my Maſter and *Amadine* walking one day abroad, neerer theſe woods then they were vſed (about what I cannot tell) but towards them comes running a great Beare: Now my Maſter plaid the man, and ran away, and *Amadine* crying after him: now ſir, comes me a Shepherd, and hee ſtrikes off the Beares head, now whether the Beare were dead before or no I cannot tell, for bring twenty Beares before me, and binde their hands and feet, and I'le kill them all: now euer ſince *Amadine* hath beene in loue with the Shepherd, and for goodwill ſhee's euen run away with the Shepherd. (me?

Muc. What manner of man was he? canſt deſcribe him vnto

Clow. Scribe him, aye I warrant you that I can; a was a little, low, broad, tall, narrow, bigge, well fauoured fellow, a ierkin of white cloth, and buttons of the ſame cloth.

Muc. Thou deſcribeſt him well, but if I chance to ſee any ſuch, pray you where ſhall I finde you, or whats your name?

Clow. My name is called Maſter *Mouſe*.

Muc. O Maſter *Mouſe*, I pray you what Office might you beare in the Court?

Clow. Marry ſir, I am Ruſher of the Stable.

Muc. Oh, Vſher of the Table.

Clow. Nay I ſay Ruſher, and I'le proue my office good: for looke you ſir, when any comes from vnder the Sea, or ſo, and a dogge chance to blow his note backward, then with a whip I giue him the good time of the day, and ſtrow Ruſhes preſently, therefore I am a Ruſher: a high Office I promiſe yee.

Muc. But where ſhall I finde you in the Court?

Clow. Why where it is beſt being, either in Kitchin eating, or in the Buttery drinking: but if you come, I will prouide for thee a peece of Beefe and Brewis knuckle-deepe in fat: pray you take paines, remember maſter *Mouſe*. *Exit.*

Muc. Ay ſir, I warrant I will not forget you.
Ah *Amadine*, what ſhould become of her?
Whither ſhouldſt thou goe ſo long vnknowne?
With watch and ward each paſſage is beſet,
So that ſhe cannot long eſcape vnknowne.
Doubtleſſe ſhe hath loſt herſelfe within theſe woods,
And wandring to and fro ſhe ſeekes the Well,

Which

Which yet ſhe cannot finde, therefore will I ſeeke her out. *Exit.*

Enter Bremo and Amadine.

Bre. *Amadine*, how like you *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. As like the woods of *Bremo's* cruelty:
Though I were dumbe and could not anſwer him,
The beaſts themſelues would with relenting teares,
Bewaile thy ſauage and inhumane deeds.

Bre. My loue, why doſt thou murmure to thy ſelfe?
Speake louder, for thy *Bremo* heares thee nor.

Ama. My *Bremo*? no, the ſhepherd is my Loue.

Brem. Haue I not ſaued thee from ſudden death,
Giuen thee leaue to liue that thou might'ſt loue,
And doſt thou whet me on to cruelty?
Come kiſſe me (ſweet) for all my fauours paſt.

Ama. I may not *Bremo*, therefore pardon me.

Brem. See how ſhe flies away from me,
I will follow and giue attend to her.
Deny my loue? A worme of Beauty,
I will chaſtiſe thee: come, come,
Prepare thy head vpon the blocke.

Ama. O ſpare me *Bremo*, loue ſhould limit life,
Not to be made a murderer of himſelfe.
If thou wilt glut thy louing heart with bloud,
Encounter with the Lion or the Beare:
And like a Wolfe prey not vpon a Lambe.

Brem. Why then doſt thou repine at me?
If thou wilt loue me, thou ſhalt be my Queen,
Ile crown thee with a chaplet made of Iuory,
And make the Roſe and Lillie wait on thee:
Ile rend the burley branches from the Oake,
To ſhadow thee from burning Sunne.
The Trees ſhall ſpread themſelues where thou doſt goe,
And as they ſpread, I'le trace along with thee.

Ama. You may, for who but you?

Bre. Thou ſhalt be fed with Quailes and Partriches,
With Blacke-birds, Larks, Thruſhes, and Nightingales;
Thy drinke ſhall be goats-milke, and Chriſtall water
Diſtilling from the Fountaines and the cleareſt Springs:

And all the dainties that the woods afford,
Ile freely giue thee, to obtaine thy loue.
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. The day Ile spend to recreate my loue,
With all the pleasures that I can deuise:
And in the night Ile be thy bedfellow,
And louingly embrace thee in mine armes.
Ama. One may, so may not you.
Bre. The Satyrs and the wood-Nimphs shall attend on thee,
And lull thee fast asleepe with musicks sound,
And in the morning when thou dost awake,
The Larke shall sing, good morrow to my Quene:
And whilst he sings, Ile kisse mine *Amadine.*
Ama. You may, for who but you?
Bre. When thou art vp the wood-lanes shall be strewed
With Violets, Cowslips, and sweet Marigolds,
For thee to trample and to tread vpon:
And I will teach thee how to kill the Deere,
To chase the Hart, and how to rouze the Roe;
If thou wilt liue to loue and honour me.
Ama. You may, for who but you?

Enter Mucedorus.

Brem. Welcome sir, an houre agoe I lookt for such a guest:
Be merry wench, weele haue a frollick feast,
Heres flesh enough for to suffice vs both:
Say sirra, wilt thou fight or dost thou meane to die?
Muc. I want a weapon, how can I fight?
Bre. Thou wantst a weapon, why then thou yeeldst to die.
Muce. I say not so, I doe not yeeld to die.
Bre. Thou shalt not choose, I long to see thee dead.
Ama. Yet spare him *Bremo*, spare him.
Bre. Away I say, I will not spare him.
Muce. Yet giue me leaue to speake.
Bre. Thou shalt not speake.
Ama. Yet giue him leaue to speake for my sake.
Bre. Speake on, but be not ouer-long.
Muc. In time of yore when men like brutish beasts
Did lead their lines in loathsome Celles and woods,

And

And wholly giue themselues to witlesse will:
A rude vnruly rout, then man to man became
A present prey; then might preuailed,
The weakest went to wals:
Right was vnknowne, for wrong was all in all.
As men thus liued in their great outrage,
Behold, one *Orpheus* came (as Poets tell)
And them from rudenesse vnto reason brought,
Who led by reason, soone forsooke the Woods,
In stead of Caues, they built them Castles strong,
Cities and Townes were founded by them then:
Glad were they when they found such ease,
And in the end they grew to perfect amity.
Weighing their former wickednesse,
They term'd the time wherein they liued then,
A golden age, a good golden age.
Now *Bremo* (for so heard I thee call'd)
If men which liued tofore, as thou dost now,
Wilde in woods, addicted all to spoile,
Returned were by worthy *Orpheus* meanes;
Let me (like *Orpheus*) cause thee to returne
From murther, bloud-shed, and like cruelties.
What, should we fight before we haue a cause?
No, lets liue and loue together faithfully:
Ile fight for thee.

Bremo. Fight for me? or fight, or else thou dist.

Ama. Hold *Bremo* hold.

Bremo. Away I say, thou troublest me.

Ama. You promised me to make me Queene.

Bremo. I did, I meane no lesse.

Ama. You promised that I should haue my will.

Bremo. I did, I meane no lesse.

Ama. Then saue the Hermites life, for he may saue vs both.

Bremo. At thy request Ile saue him, but neuer any after him.
Say Hermite, what canst thou doe?

Mne. Ile wait on thee, sometime vpon thy Queene,
Such seruice shalt thou shortly haue, as *Bremo* neuer had.

Exeunt.

Enter

Enter Segaſto, the Clowne, and Rumbelo.

Segaſt. Come ſirs, what, ſhall I neuer haue you finde out *Amadine* and the Shepherd?

Clow. I haue beene through the woods and through the woods, and could ſee nothing but an Emmet.

Rum. Why I ſee a thouſand Emmets, thou mean'ſt a little one.

Clow. Nay, that Emmet that I ſaw was bigger than thou art.

Rum. Bigger than I, what a foole haue you to your man? I pray you Maſter turne him away.

Segaſt. But doſt thou heare, was he not a man?

Clow. I thinke he was, for he ſaid he did lead a ſalt ſellars life round about the woods.

Segaſt. Thou wouldſt ſay, a ſolitary life about the wood.

Clow. I thinke it was indeed.

Rum. I thoughe what a foole thou art.

Clow. Thou art a wiſe man: why he did nothing but ſleepe ſince he went.

Segaſt. But tell me *Mouſe*, how did he goe?

Clow. In a white Gowne, and a white hat on his head,
And a ſtaffe in his hand.

Segaſt. I thought ſo, he was a Hermite, that walked a ſolitary life in the woods.
Well, get you to dinner, and after, neuer leaue ſeking till you bring ſome newes of them, or Ile hang you both. *Exit.*

Clow. How now *Rumbelo*, what ſhall we doe now?

Rum. Faith Ile home to dinner, and afterward to ſleepe.

Clow. Why then thou wilt be hanged.

Rum. Faith I care not, for I know I ſhall neuer finde them: Well, Ile once more abroad; and if I cannot finde them, Ile neuer come home againe.

Clow. I tell thee what *Rumbelo*, thou ſhalt goe in at one end of the wood, and I at the other, and we will both meet together in the midſt.

Rum. Content, let's away to dinner. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mucedorus ſolus.

Muce. Vnknowne to any, here within theſe woods
With bloudy *Brewo* doe I lead my life;
The monſter he doth murther all he meets,

He

He ſpareth none, and none doth him eſcape:
Who would continue, who but only I,
In ſuch a cruell cut-throats company?
Yet *Amadine* is there, how can I chuſe?
Ah ſilly ſoule, how oftentimes ſhe ſits,
And ſighes and calles, Come Shepherd come:
Sweet *Mucedorus* come ſet me free,
When *Mucedorus* (Peaſant) ſtands her by.
But here ſhe comes: What newes faire Lady
As you walke theſe woods? *Enter Amadine.*

Ama. Ah Hermite, none but bad,
And ſuch as thou knoweſt.

Muce. How doe you like your *Bremo* and his woods?

Ama. Not my *Bremo*, nor his *Bremo* woods?

Muce. And why not yours? me thinks, he loues you well.

Ama. I like not him, his loue to me is nothing worth.

Muce. Lady in this me thinks you offer wrong,
To hate the man that euer loues you beſt.

Ama. Ah Hermite, I take no pleaſure in his loue,
Neither doth *Bremo* like me beſt.

Muc. Pardon my boldneſſe, faire Lady, ſith we both
May ſafely talke now out of *Bremo's* ſight:
Vnfold to me, if ſo you pleaſe, the full diſcourſe,
How, when, and why you came into theſe woods,
And fell into this bloudy Butchers hands.

Ama. Hermite I will: Of late a worthy Shepherd I did loue.

Muce. A Shepheard (Lady) ſure a Man vnfit to match with you.

Ama. Hermite, this is true: and when we had.

Muce. Stay there, the wild man comes,
Referre the reſt vntill another time.

Enter Bremo.

Bre. What ſecret tale is this? what whiſpering haue we here?
Villane, I charge thee tell thy tale againe.

Muce. If needs I muſt, loe here it is againe.
When as we both had loſt the ſight of thee,
It grieu'd vs both, but ſpecially thy Queene,
Who in thy abſence euer feares the worſt,
Leſt ſome miſchance befall your Royall Grace.

Shall my sweet *Bremo* wander through the wood,
Toyle to and fro, for to redresse my want,
Hazard his life, and all to cherish me?
I like not this, quoth she.
And thereupon crau'd to know of me,
If I could teach her handle weapons well.
My answer was, I had small skill therein;
But gladsome (mighty King) to learne of thee:
And this was all.

Bremo. Wast so? none can mislike of this:
Ile teach you both to fight, but first my Queene begin:
Here take this weapon see how thou canst vse it.

Ama. This is too bigge, I cannot weild it in mine arme.

Bremo. Is't so? we'ele haue a knotty Crab-tree staffe for thee:
But sirra, tell me, what sayest thou?

Muc. With all my heart I willing am to learne.

Bremo. Then take my staffe and see how thou canst weild it.

Muc. First teach me how to hold it in my hand.

Bremo. Thou hold'st it well: looke how he doth,
Thou maist the sooner learne.

Muc. Next tell how, and when tis best to strike.

Bremo. Tis best to strike when time doth serue,
Tis best to lose no time.

Muc. Then now or neuer it is time to strike.

Bremo. And when thou strik'st be sure to hit the head.

Muc. The head?

Bremo. The very head.

Muc. Then haue at thine. *He strikes him downe dead.*
So, lie there and die, a death (no doubt) according to desert,
Or else a worse, as thou deseruest worse.

Ama. It glads my heart this Tyrants death to see.

Muc. Now Lady it remaines in you,
To end the tale you lately had begun,
Being interrupted by this wicked wight:
You said you loued a Shepherd.

Ama. I so I doe, and none but onely him:
And will doe still as long as life shall last.

Muc. But tell me Lady, sith I set you free,

What

What course of life doe you intend to take?

Ama. I will disguised wander through the world,
Till I haue found him out.

Muce. How if you finde your shepherd in these woods?

Ama. Ah I none so happy then as *Amadine*.

He discloseth himselfe.

Muce. In tract of time a man may alter much:
Say Lady, do you know your Shepherd well?

Ama. My *Mucedorus* hath he set me free?

Muce. He hath set thee free.

Ama. And liu'd so long vnknowne to *Amadine*?

Muce. Ay that's a question whereof you may not be resolued:
You know that I am banish'd from the Court,
I know likewise each passage is beset,
So that we cannot long escape vnknowne:
Therefore my wit is this, that we returne
Right through the thickets to the wild mans Caue,
And there a while dine on his prouision,
Vntill the search and narrow watch be past:
This is my counsell, and I like it best.

Ama. I thinke the very same.

Muce. Come, let's be gone.

The Clowne searcheth, and falls ouer the wild man, and so carries him away.

Clow. Nay soft sir, are you here? aboard on you:
I was like to be hanged for not finding of you:
We would borrow a certaine fray King a daughter of you,
A wench, a wench sir we would haue.

Muce. A wench of me? Ile make thee eat my sword.

Clow. O Lord, nay, and you are so lusty Ile call a cooling card for you: O Master, Master, come away quickly.

Enter Segasto.

Segast. What's the matter?

Clow. Looke *Amadine* and the Shepherd: O braue!

Segast. What Minion haue I found you out?

Clow. Nay that's a lye, I found her out my selfe.

Segast. Thou gadding huswife, what cause hadst thou
To gad abroad?

When

When as thou knowest our wedding day to nie?
Ama. Not to stande, no such thing in hand:
Shew your assurance, then Ile answer you.
Segast. Thy Fathers promise my assurance is.
Ama. But what he promis'd he hath not perform'd.
Segast. It rests in thee for to performe the same.
Ama. Nor I.
Segast. And why?
Ama. So is my will; and therefore euen no.
Clow. Master with anone, none to.
Segast. Ah wicked villaine, are thou here?
Muce. What need these words? weigh them not.
Segast. We weigh them not, proud shepherd I scorne thy
Clow. Weele not haue a corner of thy company. (company.
Muce. I scorne not thee, nor yet the least of thine.
Clow. Thats a lie, a would haue kild me with his pugs-nando.
Segast. This stoutnesse *Amadine* contents me not.
Ama. Then seeke another that may you better please.
Muce. Well *Amadine* it onely rests in thee,
Without delay to make thy choise of three:
There stands *Segasto*, a second here:
There stands the third: now make thy choice.
Clow. A Lord at the least I am.
Ama. My choice is made, for I will none but thee.
Segast. A worthy mate (no doubt) for such a wife.
Muce. And *Amadine* why wilt thou none but me?
I cannot keepe thee as thy father did;
I haue no Lands for to maintaine thy state:
Moreouer, if thou meane to be my wife,
Commonly, this must be thy vse,
To bed at midnight, vp at foure:
Drudge all day, and trudge from place to place,
Whereby our dayly victuall for to win:
And last of all, which is the worst of all,
No Princesse then but a plaine Shepherds wife.
Clow. Then God gee you good morrow gooddy Shepherd.
Ama. It shall not neede if *Amadine* doe liue,
Thou shalt be crowned King of *Aragon*.

Clow.

Clow. O Maſter laugh, when he is a King, Ile be a Queene.

Muc. Then know that which nere tofore was knowne:
I am no Shepherd, no *Aragonian* I,
But borne of Royall bloud: my Father's of *Valentia* King,
My Mother Queene; who for thy ſacred ſake,
Tooke this hard taske in hand.

Ama. Ah how I ioy my fortune is ſo good.

Segaſt. Well now I ſee *Segaſto* ſhall not need,
But *Mucedorus*, I as much doe ioy
To ſee thee here within our Court of *Aragon*,
As if a kingdome had befalne me this time:
I with my heart ſurrender her to thee.

He giues her to him.

And looke what right to *Amadine* I haue.

Clow. What barnes doore, and borne where my Father was Conſtable? a bots on thee, how doſt thou?

Muc. Thanks *Segaſto*, but you leueld at the Crowne.

Clow. Maſter beare this and beare all.

Segaſt. Why ſo ſirra?

Clow. He ſaies you take a gooſe by the Crowne.

Segaſt. Goe to ſirra; away, poſt you to the King,
Whoſe heart is fraught with carefull doubts,
Glad him vp, and tell him theſe good newes,
And we will follow as faſt as we may.

Clow. I goe Maſter, I runne Maſter. *Exeunt.*

Enter the King and Collin.

King. Breake heart and end my pallid woes,
My *Amadine* the comfort of my life;
How can I ioy except ſhe were in ſight?
Her abſence breeds great ſorrow to my ſoule,
And with a thunder breaks my heart in twaine.

Collin. Forbeare thoſe paſſions gentle King,
And you ſhall ſee twill turne vnto the beſt,
And bring your ſoule to quiet and to ioy.

King. Such ioy as death, I doe aſſure mee that,
And nought but death, except of her I heare,
And that with ſpeed, I cannot ſigh thus long:
But what a tumult doe I heare within?

They cry within, ioy and happineſſe.

Collin. I heare a noiſe of ouer-paſſing ioy
Within the Court: my Lord be of good comfort,
And here comes one in haſte.

Enter the Clowne running.

Clow. A King, a King.

Col. Why how now ſirra, what's the matter?

Clow. O 'tis newes for a King, 'tis worth mony.

King. Why ſirra, thou ſhalt haue ſiluer and gold if it be good.

Clow. O 'tis good, 'tis good *Amadine.*

King. O what of her? tell me, and I will make thee a knight.

Clow. How a Spright, no by Lady, I will not be a Spright. Maſter get you away, if I be a Spright, I ſhall be ſo leane I ſhall make you all afraid.

Col. Then (Sot) the King meanes to make thee a Gentleman.

Clow. Why I ſhall want Parrell.

King. Thou ſhalt want for nothing.

Clow. Then ſtand away, ſtrike vp thy ſelfe, here they come.

Enter Segaſto, Mucedorus, and Amadine.

Ama. My gracious Father, pardon thy diſloyall daughter.

King. What doe mine eies behold my daughter *Amadine?* Riſe vp daughter, and let theſe embracing armes Shew ſome token of thy Fathers ioy, Which euer ſince thy departure hath languiſhed in ſorrow.

Ama. Deare Father neuer were your ſorrowes Greater than my griefes: Neuer you ſo deſolate, as I comfortleſſe: Yet neuertheleſſe knowing my ſelfe To be the cauſe of both, on bended knees I humbly craue your pardon.

King. Ile pardon thee (deare daughter) but as for him.

Ama. Ay Father what of him?

King. As ſure as I am King and weare the Crowne Ile be reueng'd on that accurſed wretch.

Muc. Yet worthy Prince, worke not thy will in wrath, ſhew (fauour.

King. I, ſuch fauour as thou deſerueſt.

Muc. I doe deſerue the daughter of a King.

King. Oh impudent! a Shepherd and ſo inſolent.

Muc.

Muc. No Shepherd I, but a worthy Prince.
King. In faire conceit, not princely borne.
Muc. Yes Princely borne, my Father is a King,
My Mother a Queene, and of *Valentia* both.
King. What *Mucedorus* welcome to our Court,
What cauſe hadſt thou to come to me diſguis'd?
Muc. No cauſe to feare, I caused no offence;
But this, deſiring thy daughters vertues for to ſee,
Diſguis'd my ſelfe from out my Fathers Court,
Vnknowne to any in ſecret I did reſt,
And paſſed many troubles neare to death:
So hath your daughter my partaker beene,
As you ſhall know hereafter more at large:
Deſiring you, you will giue her to me,
Euen as mine owne and Soueraigne of my life,
Then ſhall I thinke my trauels all well ſpent.
King. With all my heart; but this,
Segaſto claimes my promiſe made tofore,
That he ſhould haue her as his onely Wife,
Before my Councell when he came from warre.
Segaſto, may I craue thee let it paſſe,
And giue *Amadine* as wife to *Mucedorus*?
Segaſt. With all my heart, were it a farre greater thing,
And what I may to furniſh vp their rites,
With pleaſing ſports and paſtimes you ſhall ſee.
King. Thanks good *Segaſto*, I will thinke of this.
Muc. Thanks good my Lord, and whilſt I liue,
Account of me in what I can or may.
Ama. Good *Segaſto* theſe great courteſies
Shall not be forgot.
Clow. Why harke you Maſter, bones what haue you done?
What giuen away the wench you made me take ſuch paines
for? You are wiſe indeed. Maſſe and I had knowne of that, I
would haue had her my ſelfe: faith Maſter now we may goe to
breakfaſt with a wood-cock-pie.
Segaſt. Goe to ſirra, you were beſt to leaue this knauery.
King. Come on my Lords, let's now to Court,
Where we may finiſh vp the ioyfulleſt day,

That euer hapt to a diſtreſſed King:
Were but thy Father the *Valentia* Lord,
Preſent in view of this combined knot.

A ſhout within: enter Meſſenger.

What ſhout was that?

Meſ. My Lord the great *Valentia* King,
Newly arriu'd intreats your preſence.

Muc. My Father?

King Ara. Prepared welcomes giue him entertainment;
A happier planet neuer raign'd than that
Which gouernes at this houre. *Sound.*

Enter the King of Valentia, Anſelmo, Roderigo, Barachius, with others: The King runnes and embraceth his Sonne.

King Val. Riſe honour of my age, food to my reſt:
Condemne not (mighty King of *Aragon*)
My rude behauiour ſo compell'd by nature,
That manners ſtood vnknowledged.

King Ara. What we haue to recite would tedious proue,
By declaration, therefore in and feaſt,
To morrow the performance ſhall explaine
What words conceale: till then Drummes ſpeake, Bells ring,
Giue plauſiue welcomes to our brother King.

Sound Drums and Trumpets. *Exeunt omnes.*

Enter Comedy and Enuy.

Com. How now *Enuy*; what, bluſheſt thou already?
Peepe forth, hide not thy head with ſhame,
But with courage praiſe a womans deeds;
Thy threats were vaine, thou could'ſt doe me no hurt,
Although thou ſeem'dſt to croſſe me with deſpight,
I ouerwhelm'd and turn'd vpſide downe thy blockes,
And made thy ſelfe to ſtumble at the ſame.

Enuy. Though ſtumbled yet not ouerthrowne,
Thou canſt not draw my head to mildneſſe [illegible]
Yet muſt I needs confeſſe thou haſt done well,
And plaid thy part with mirth and pleaſant glee:
Say all this; yet canſt thou not conquer me,
Although this time thou haſt got,
Yet not the conqueſt neither.

A double reuenge another time Ile haue.
Com. Enuy ſpit thy gall,
Plot, worke, contriue, create new fallacies,
Teeme from thy wombe each minute a blacke Traytor,
Whoſe bloud and thoughts haue twins conception:
Study to act deeds yet vnchronicled,
Caſt natiue monſters in the moulds of men:
Caſe vicious deuils vnder ſanctified robes;
Vnhaſpe the wicket where all periuries rooſt,
And ſwarme this ball with treaſons, doe thy worſt,
Thou canſt not (hell-hound) croſſe my ſteare to night,
Nor blinde that glory where I wiſh delight.
Enuy. I can, I will.
Com. Nefarious Hag begin,
And let vs tugge till one the maſtery win.
Enuy. Comedy, thou art a ſhallow Gooſe,
Ile ouerthrow thee in thine owne intent,
And make thy fall my Comicke merriment.
Com. Thy policy wants grauity, thou art too weake:
Speake friend, as how?
Enuy. Why thus,
From my foule ſtudy will I hoiſt a wretch,
A leane and hungry meager Caniball,
Whoſe iawes ſwell to his eies with chewing malice:
And him Ile make a Poet.
Com. What's that to th'purpoſe?
Enuy. This ſcrambling Rauen with his needy beard,
Will I whet on to write a Comedy;
Wherein ſhall be compos'd darke ſentences,
Pleaſing to factious braines;
And euery otherwhere place me a Ieſt,
Whoſe high abuſe ſhall more torment than blowes:
Then I my ſelfe (quicker than lightning)
Will flye me to the puiſſant Magiſtrate,
And waiting with a trencher at his backe,
In midſt of iollity rehearſe thoſe gaules
(With ſome additions) ſo lately vented in your Theater:
He on this cannot but make complaint,

To our great danger, or at least restraint.
Com. Ha, ha, ha, I laugh to heare thy folly:
This is a trap for boyes, not men, nor such,
Especially deceitfull in their doings,
Whose staid discretion, rules their purposes.
I and my faction doe eschew those vices:
But see, O see, the weary Sunne for rest,
Hath laine his golden compasse to the West,
Where he perpetuall bide, and euer shine,
As *Danids* off-spring in his happy Clime.
Stoop *Enny* stoope, bow to the earth with me,
Lets beg our pardon on our bended knee. *They kneele.*
Enny. My power has lost her might, *Ennies* date's expired.
And I amazed am. *Fall downe and quake.*
Com. Glorious and wise Arch-*Cæsar* on this earth,
At whose appearance *Ennie's* strucken dumbe,
And all bad things cease operation:
Vouchsafe to pardon our vnwilling errour,
So late presented to your gracious view,
And weele endeuour with excesse of paine,
To please your senses in a choicer straine.
Thus we commit you to the armes of night,
Whose spangled carkasse would for your delight,
Striue to excell the day: be blessed then,
Who other wishes, let him neuer speake.
Enny. Amen.
To Fame and Honour we commend your rest,
Liue still more happy, euery houre more blest.

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